

Blood of Abraham f/ Will.I.Am**"99¢ Lighter"**

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[Verse One]

You're shallow like a puddle, the deep ones need to huddle
You bitch-ass individuals can call your girls and cuddle
The times are gettin serious, critical and furious
Heads are flyin everywhere but I remain oblivious
Through it all, I got a wall, in front of me
Above me, below me, you're actin like you know me
But you don't and you never will, experience the thrill
of what it's like to be alive, not real you are contrived
I'm tryin to tell you, somethin, but all you know is nothin
Breakin down MC's just like a sport similar to huntin
First I see you grazin, I lock on with my eye
Your life expectancy becomes identical with a fly
Your destiny is sealed sonny, it was written long ago
MC gets shot on stage while his mother watch the show
My beats are brewed fresh daily, from the comforts of my home
Just like the morning paper I'm on time like metronomes

[Chorus]

Season of the spider, everyone's a fighter
I could burn your house with a 99 cent lighter
Lighter, lighter, lighter, lighter
{*scratch: "I am a simple soul"*}

[Verse Two]

My style ain't obvious, mysterious and low
Wets leave you wet due to miscellaneous flows
I'm now transcendental, over instrumentals
It's not accidental when I'm freakin wit'cha mental
The rap phenomenon and gravitational breaker
Gobble circuits and cities my whole committee will take a-
-part your whole foundation 3 degrees of seperation
Head body and limbs all placed in seperate nations
Ain't nuttin common about this cause it ain't thinkable
Ain't no prints visible when I display lyrical
Cause it's all in the way I serenade
I feast on booty niggaz who played

Cause the back of all layin individuals not up to par
My technique will sweep in and rock the Casbah
It's like that sonny, I rock like stone
Your oral synthetic and fake like silicon

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Yo I hear someone's comin, he's bringin you a clue
The dopest things in life are guaranteed to be taboo
The trees are talking to me now and tellin me to turn
the page
Forget about the old and what could end the brand new
age
Cause the rules do not apply, and not too much is fair
You either got the cash or you're entangled in the
snare
Called the world, wide web in the season of the spider
Complex and combustible just like a dirt cheap lighter
From Mariana Trench up to the tops of Everest
The Blood is international, headquarters in the West
Before you come to capture me I book like
Deuteronomy
I wake up in the morning way before the revelie
And then I grab the microphone, sing a song of sorrow
Got some dope-ass books if you want to you could
borrow
You better bring 'em back, my property don't
disrespect
You conversate with me you conversate with the adept

[Chorus]

[scratched samples]

I am a simple soul
As a soldier I take things simply

[long instrumental pause]

[Chorus]

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